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VOLUME XXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1843. WHOLE NO. 1169.

Original Poetry.

ADVANCE OF TRUTH.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY HENRY W. HERBERT.

Time has been, when Truth's lamp, faintly,
Through the mists of error, shone;
And she spoke with fear in the darkness,
With but weak and timid tone.

All the world in gloom was shrouded,
Few there were that knew her light,
And they s'en, with thoughtless numbers,
On, were forced to grope in night.

Strange the spell, that fiction, wearing,
O'er the minds of mortals threw,
Till their hearts by some blinded,
Scarce could tell from false the true.

Men and things were misapprended,—
Spirit, lent breath pampered clay,—
And, amid time's visionn trifling,
Hopes eternal shone's away.

Yet there are, who struggly widdered,
Still mark not each coming sign,
And their spirits, self-enlightened,
Make the glooms of error pine.

But we pay, that Truth, for-glistening,
Needs it not her cheering ray,
And now given, to hearts long waiting,
Hope of glorious, glorious day.

She hath prophets bold and earnest,
Who, the rocks, shall firmly smite,
Whence shall gush her heavenly streams,
With their waters fresh and bright

Even now the streams are flowing,
Far and wide through all the earth,
They shall make the deserts blossom,
Their loose mineral drearth

Be it sure, the seed is scatter,
That shall richest harvest yield,
And toil we ne'er so lightly,
Till we're summoned from the field.

Prize Story.

MARIE DUPONCEAU.
A Legend of the Revolution.

CONCLUDED.

FOR WHICH THE PRIZE OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS WAS AWARDED BY THE COMMITTEE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY HENRY W. HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL, &c."

CHAPTER THIRD.

Nothing occurred during the remainder of the night to call forth any alarm in the family, and before the cocks had crowed, or the watch-dog, the sun had showered himself above the Jersey mountains, the old Duponceau was afoot, and had learned that all his orders had been carefully and successfully executed. Then setting out with him, under pretence of visiting them ready for the saw mill, to keep watch both up and down the river, which he could command perfectly from the rocks above the house, with strict orders to carry in word to his young mistress if he saw any one approaching, he held a brief conversation with his daughter, telling her where to bestow the young stranger in case of any of the neighbors, or of the militiamen, whom they had seen, should come down to the house, and again cautioning the servants to be discreet, he took his rifle, and the other negro well armed with him, and started for the river bank, leaving L'Espinasse still dreaming of palaces in the midst of trackless wilds, and Augustine of guinea-fowl, and fifty pieces of abused fantasies, with each of which, however, the beautiful Marie, was in some sort, connected.

When Duponceau had reached the river side, the canoe had been run ashore on the precipicing night, and where the body of the negro Patrice, who had been killed outright by a bullet through the brain, was stretched out on the gravel, decently covered with the broad blue cloak of the young soldier, secured at each angle by a great stone, he saw, as he expected, the Jerseymen all bustling and astir on the farther bank, fuffing trees with their axes, and fashioning as fast as they could, a rude raft whereon to pass the river, which at this point, though very deep and strong, was scarcely free from rapids. A leal hail was made almost simultaneously from either party—and in a few minutes Duponceau was informed what his brave precisely was already. "Ay! ay!" he answered—"I see above the bend yonder, and have a new mill there, and have cut timber last night between you, but it was too dark to do anything at that time, and so I waited till this morning. A deserter was he!—well! well! here are his foot prints—we can track him easily enough. Shoot I will may by-and-by the tender, I have been enough to bring the whole of you over. Run, Louis, run as fast as you can, and bring the boat hither—the cances in love of the big baitoau!—and fetch the large stone jug of cider down with you. And tell your cousin that he will be home in thirteen at least to supper. Run! Louis, as fast as you can!"

The Jerseymen crossed from their toil at once seemingly delighted with the prospect of diminishing their labor; while the difficulty of communicating with each other across the river caused them and the old negro equally to keep silence. It was not long, however, before the boats were brought to the spot, and the soldiers men, who were of a newly organized rifle company of farmers and countrymen from the lower and better cultivated parts of the State, were speedily ferried over; and began to examine the tracks of the fugitive. It was evident, at once, that there were but two tracks—as they are called—one running up the Pennsylvania mountain, to the south-westward, another returning from the same mountain to the river, and a leal passing over the rocks and up a deep ravine in the westward, with a slight inclination to the north, all certainly made by the same individual, for the ground being wet and muddy retained the foot prints, and the shoe, by which they had been left, was of a form and size not usual fabric. "This is the line, on which he first took to the hill, when he had got across," cried the leader of the party, "and he will become back here, finding the rocks too steep—he stepped, you see, long enough to cover up the negro, and then returned this way. Well! have him before noon, I warrant it. Take a drink of the cider, boys, and we'll be starting," and they did so, and forthwith, with signs of the path made by the negro, Charles, and struck into the forest, old Duponceau accompanying them, and often pointing out in their progress of the fugitive, where their less perfect woodcraft failed to find them.

It is my duty intention to specify the method, or dwell on the details, exciting though they be, and full of stirring interest, of following a forest trail. The subject has been handled more than once, and by a pen which in the wilderness has found no rival, and on the ocean no superior, if an equal; and it were both presumptuous and vain to attempt that, which has been so admirably done before, and which is familiar to all persons, who read anything. Suffice it, that the route of old Duponceau succeeded perfectly—that the false track, made by the negro, was followed up through all its circuitous and devious windings, giving rise to many a sage remark and shrewd conjecture, at all of which the old Frenchman was quietly laughing in his sleeve, until it ended on the table rock, a vast space of pure granite, treeless and shrubless, sloping at an angle of nearly forty-five to the westward, beyond which nothing could be made out of the fugitive.

It was clear, that the young soldier had passed over it, for two or three of his footprints were to be seen still on the surface; but it was equally clear, for aught they could discover, although they circled it in every direction, and moved the scouts, and alowed the dogs to range, in order to discover the trace of his footsteps, that he had never left it. Then, as Duponceau had expected, the fatal petals of the negro's naked foot were taken into consideration, and followed back to some distance until by the length of said, as well as by the conformation of the foot, the militiamen were satisfied that they had no connection with the fugitive of whom they were in search. Then, after a short consultation, they gave the matter up in despair, until some one of their number, wiser than the rest, discovered, at last, in all having probability he had been so badly wounded, that he felt himself dying, and had crept away into some hole or cave, in order, to pass away in peace. The search. And if not dead, another instantly suggested, he certainly would die, wounded, a stranger, and alone as there would seem to be, object, therefore they determined, had been just as fully gained, as though he had been killed or captured, to go back to their work nearly a hundred miles from the place whither he had to go—had killed his guide, and left him where he could do no harm, and must either perish in the woods or be taken.

This sage conclusion once formed, their only doubt was what should be their next step; and forthwith the old Frenchman invited them all to go down and take dinner at his house, which was not, in a direct line, above a mile distant, promising that he would put them across the Delaware, and, to use his own terms, take care of the French deserter if he could only catch him. Louis was sent immediately, by the back route, down to the river to bring the boats back, and the rest proceeded joyously through the open woods toward the cottage—Duponceau taking care that the party should make no beaten track, that there could be no chance of their taking Marie by surprise. Accordingly, as soon as they cleared the brushwood four hundred feet above the saw-mill, and struck the zigzag path along the crags, by which they should descend to it, the old man saw his servant run from the top of the lower ledge down to the cottage, and thenceforth his mind was perfectly at ease. Everything when they reached it was perfectly in order, Marie and the girls employed in the routine of regular domestic duties, and everything wearing the appearance of unconcern and of undisturbed tranquility.

Great was the admiration and astonishment of the unsophisticated militiamen at the luxurious comforts of the house, the appointments and the queer questions they asked, concerning the uses of this thing, and the origin of that; and manifold the comments, when Augustine, at last, returned to the beautiful heiress. But ere long an abundant dinner was set before them, and they began to think of their absent comrades, and again cautioning the servants to be discreet, he took his rifle, and the other negro well armed with him, and started with the three, leaving L'Espinasse still dreaming of palaces in the midst of trackless wilds, and Augustine of guinea-fowl, and fifty pieces of abused fantasies, with each of which, however, the beautiful Marie, was in some sort, connected.

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Soon after, came the news of the two bloody actions on the heights of Saratoga and of Burgoyne's surrender—French troops were landed in Rhode Island—Washington, with his host, moved northward, to co-operate with them, and for the time, the State of Pennsylvania was left in quiet. It was a long time before the mighty tresson of General Arnold occupied all the minds of the nation, and the affair of L'Espinasse was entirely forgotten, or, pass away in conversation. And if not dead, another instantly suggested, he certainly would die, wounded, a stranger, and alone as there would seem to be, object, therefore they determined, had been just as fully gained, as though he had been killed or captured, by the three mile scout, nearly a hundred miles from the place whither he had to go—had killed his guide, and left him where he could do no harm, and must either perish in the woods or be taken.

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—advertisements were published in all the few and unimportant papers of the day—rewards were offered, but it was all in vain. Months passed, and L. Espinasse was hopeless. his high classic spirits were all gone; gloomy and solitary, and almost unconscious where he could force themselves upon his solitude, he lived on memory. Peace now was at hand, and they could not, they happily thought together—he, therefore, would be content to send in his claims, and then quietly retire to his native country, and there, in the old and new world. In the former came of his ancestors, or at least one of the name, had been associated with the famous Johnny Armstrong, whose "Last Good Night" forms the subject of a famous old ballad, in memory of those exploits which fell him to glory and the gallows. In the new, the family could boast of a President of his majesty's council, a collector of customs, and a recorder under the old colonial government. There was another historical character of the name name and blood, a gallant officer under Washington, who fell at the head of his regiment at Monmouth; but as, with this single exception, the Mervins were all staunch loyalists—they never boasted of the achievement. Mr. Mervin always called the General Mr. Washington, though in his heart he could not but admire the man who not only freed his country but left it free. Of whose patriotism had equally sustained the cause of liberty and of humanity, and who stands before the world as free, not only from the stain, but the very imputation of crime, that even those who abhor the cause he espoused, reverence the hero through whose virtues it triumphed.

At the commencement of the Revolution, the father of Mr. Mervin, Charles Mervin, Esquire, friendless, found occupation and a home there, whither a kind chance—I should rather say an all good Providence—led his steps. Of course, he eventually furnished a large property and possessions of the family, and leaving not to ten in the land of her nativity, she returned a happy mother, to become a happy wife, in the gay country of her father's. The belle of Notre Dame ring for the Pennsylvanian maiden's bridal; a Roman Catholic bishop officiated at the altar: the pure-hearted and noble Lafayette performed the part of the bride's father: peers and peeresses witnessed the espousals; and for full many a day the most renowned and famous beauty of the Tuileries and Louvre was she, who had been known as the humble Marie Duponceau.

But strange are the mutations of this world—the French Revolution followed, and at first, like his gallant comrade, L'Espinasse was swept away with the tide, enthusiastic in his love of liberty and glory—but soon began to degenerated into license—license plunged into anarchy—and out of anarchy grew horrors such as the earth has never witnessed. Then shocked, disgusted, sick at heart, L'Espinasse flew from those blood-stained shores, happy in safety, happiest in her self with him, whom he loved more than life. But France, though mad with crime, was still his country; and though he could not fight beneath her banners, he never fought against them. But L'Espinasse had another country—she had bled and died for her country, and she had left her a home. More fortunate than most of his fellow exiles, he had, on the first days of evil, transmitted his property to the United States, those most portable of riches—diamonds; so that the wretched and soul-debasing cause of his flight left not his fortune less than it was. Happy they lived, respected, loved, and honored in their adopted country—a fair race grew around them, and they looked forward, in old age came upon them gentle, and calm, and painless, they were wont in the pleasant days of autumn to visit the old plantation, and point out to their children, and their children's children, the spot where first they met, and the towering mountains of the Water Gap.

From the Magazines.

FROM GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, FOR JANUARY.

MOURNING FOR AGE.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Who hath that when the aged die,
And find a crack in mouldering clay,
The lightly parts the sod,
And serenely surveyed, they pass away?

Speak—ye who in the cedar cabin dwellest
Have been so tenderly and long,
That God has chosen
And careless seek the mansions if those,?

Have ye no tears to pour,
With speechless recollections rising,
And fresh from memory's fount
Non pang remembrance chaos'd your tongue?

Speak,—ye of sorrow's cup
So lonely sate, while years swept by,
And quenched all the lights of home,
And bearing how the eighteen lie.

Ye who gather up the ashes
Of the mighty and the free,
Sweeter o'er the desolate'd ear to utter,
And quench'd all the pangs of bereavement,

Because that dim eye watch'd for you,
Or fair hat bent its touch and brighter grew
Nothing where he once counted it,
Or where he was not, it had no charm.

The love of closeliest unmatched cold
Is—save that of the Eternal—
Oh none Expelled the painful gloom
Which wraps the mourner's widowed home.

The topmost of a longer day
When weaken's sinews, as the world,
As shrouded the soul their energies,
And from a younger race withdrawn

Be wrought the work of years,
With smitten heart, and lingering sigh,
We mark the fleeting hours
Then dream not when the aged die,

Their task is done, and they may sleep
And there in the blessing, for thus it is appointed.

FROM THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, FOR JANUARY.

I WILL FORGET THEE.

BY MRS. H. LIGHTHIPE.

"I will forget thee!" I said in my pride,
When the flowers of summer lay dead at my side,
"I will forget thee!" no more thou art dear,
No longer I wish thy companion to be;
But spring has returned with her blossomings sweet,
And I gladly again see the green of my feet,
And I think of thee seldom or never.

"I will forget thee!" I said when the song
Of the birds in the forest was silent long,
For deadened and lost is the march and the glee
That roused all the hunter's enthusiasm for thee,
But there soon on my ear, when the day was in rest,
Came the sound of the waters that dashed on my breast,
And still to my mind pressing thee back a part,
And I think of thee seldom or never.

"I will forget thee!" I said when the moon
Shone out in the heavens at the close of June,
And I sat on the rock by the side of the rill,
Where I used to sit down with my love of old,
And I thought of the days that were passed and gone,
And I heard the sweet voice of the Father of Mercy and Love,
And I bowed down my head in the dust and the clay
And thine in the blessing, for thus it is appointed.

FROM GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, FOR JANUARY.

STANZAS FROM GOETHE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Ich denke dein, &c.

I think of thee when the strong rays of noon
Pour down their light,
When from the fountain glimmers in moon,
I think of thee.

I see thee when, along the distant ways,
The dust clouds creep,
And when, at night, the trembling traveller stays
By chasm and steep.

I hear thee when the sea-tides murmur soft
To the calm air,
In lone and wildly sounds I listen all,
And hear thee there.

I dwell with thee—I know thee not afar,
Yet dream thee near
The sun goes down; star brightness after star—
World thou wert here!

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY.

THE HISTORY OF A LION.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING

Not a hundred miles from the famous city of Gotham, on the margin of a little lake of pure, transparent water, and whitened by shore, resided Mr. Gilbert Mervin, a respectable gentleman, of more than competent estate, and descended from a family of some pretensions, both in the old and new world. In the former one of his ancestors, or at least one of the name, had been associated with the famous Johnny Armstrong, whose "Last Good Night" forms the subject of a famous old ballad, in memory of those exploits which fell him to glory and the gallows. In the new, the family could boast of a President of his majesty's council, a collector of customs, and a recorder under the old colonial government. There was another historical character of the name name and blood, a gallant officer under Washington, who fell at the head of his regiment at Monmouth; but as, with this single exception, the Mervins were all staunch loyalists—they never boasted of the achievement. Mr. Mervin always called the General Mr. Washington, though in his heart he could not but admire the man who not only freed his country but left it free. Of whose patriotism had equally sustained the cause of liberty and of humanity, and who stands before the world as free, not only from the stain, but the very imputation of crime, that even those who abhor the cause he espoused, reverence the hero through whose virtues it triumphed.

At the commencement of the Revolution, the father of Mr. Mervin, Charles Mervin, Esquire, whose name should have led to New York, which he had never visited, sauntered into a fashionable London shop-keeper's glove or perfumes, when at the counter of the modiste, whom should he see but his lost Marie. Words cannot paint our mutual meetings—all who can feel or fancy anything, can best imagine them, each for himself. For them it was enough, they met! Marie—sad tale we briefly told—all he had heard was true; and, after all, the old good father, broken once more in the tenderest feelings of nature, forgave, and, soon found a refuge from his sorrows in that most sure asylum—for those who sorrow not as others do—a good Providence. Of course, he eventually furnished a large property and possessions of the family, and leaving not to ten in the land of her nativity, she returned a happy mother, to become a happy wife, in the gay country of her father's. The belle of Notre Dame ring for the Pennsylvanian maiden's bridal; a Roman Catholic bishop officiated at the altar: the pure-hearted and noble Lafayette performed the part of the bride's father: peers and peeresses witnessed the espousals; and for full many a day the most renowned and famous beauty of the Tuileries and Louvre was she, who had been known as the humble Marie Duponceau.

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Have been so tenderly and long,
That God has chosen
And careless seek the mansions if those,?

Have ye no tears to pour,
With speechless recollections rising,
And fresh from memory's fount
Non pang remembrance chaos'd your tongue?

Speak,—ye of sorrow's cup
So lonely sate, while years swept by,
And quenched all the lights of home,
And bearing how the eighteen lie.

Ye who gather up the ashes
Of the mighty and the free,
Sweeter o'er the desolate'd ear to utter,
And quench'd all the pangs of bereavement,

Because that dim eye watch'd for you,
Or fair hat bent its touch and brighter grew
Nothing where he once counted it,
Or where he was not, it had no charm.

The love of closeliest unmatched cold
—save that of the Eternal—
Oh none Expelled the painful gloom
Which wraps the mourner's widowed home.

The topmost of a longer day
When weaken's sinews, as the world,
As shrouded the soul their energies,
And from a younger race withdrawn

Be wrought the work of years,
With smitten heart, and lingering sigh,
We mark the fleeting hours
Then dream not when the aged die,

Their task is done, and they may sleep
And there in the blessing, for thus it is appointed.

FROM THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, FOR JANUARY.

I WILL FORGET THEE.

BY MRS. H. LIGHTHIPE.

"I will forget thee!" I said in my pride,
When the flowers of summer lay dead at my side,
"I will forget thee!" no more thou art dear,
No longer I wish thy companion to be;
But spring has returned with her blossomings sweet,
And I gladly again see the green of my feet,
And I think of thee seldom or never.

"I will forget thee!" I said when the song
Of the birds in the forest was silent long,
For deadened and lost is the march and the glee
That roused all the hunter's enthusiasm for thee,
But there soon on my ear, when the day was in rest,
Came the sound of the waters that dashed on my breast,
And still to my mind pressing thee back a part,
And I think of thee seldom or never.

"I will forget thee!" I said when the moon
Shone out in the heavens at the close of June,
And I sat on the rock by the side of the rill,
Where I used to sit down with my love of old,
And I thought of the days that were passed and gone,
And I heard the sweet voice of the Father of Mercy and Love,
And I bowed down my head in the dust and the clay
And thine in the blessing, for thus it is appointed.

FROM GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, FOR JANUARY.

STANZAS FROM GOETHE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Ich denke dein, &c.

I think of thee when the strong rays of noon
Pour down their light,
When from the fountain glimmers in moon,
I think of thee.

I see thee when, along the distant ways,
The dust clouds creep,
And when, at night, the trembling traveller stays
By chasm and steep.

I hear thee when the sea-tides murmur soft
To the calm air,
In lone and wildly sounds I listen all,
And hear thee there.

I dwell with thee—I know thee not afar,
Yet dream thee near
The sun goes down; star brightness after star—
World thou wert here!

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY.

THE HISTORY OF A LION.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING

Not a hundred miles from the famous city of Gotham, on the margin of a little lake of pure, transparent water, and whitened by shore, resided Mr. Gilbert Mervin, a respectable gentleman, of more than competent estate, and descended from a family of some pretensions, both in the old and new world. In the former one of his ancestors, or at least one of the name, had been associated with the famous Johnny Armstrong, whose "Last Good Night" forms the subject of a famous old ballad, in memory of those exploits which fell him to glory and the gallows. In the new, the family could boast of a President of his majesty's council, a collector of customs, and a recorder under the old colonial government. There was another historical character of the name name and blood, a gallant officer under Washington, who fell at the head of his regiment at Monmouth; but as, with this single exception, the Mervins were all staunch loyalists—they never boasted of the achievement. Mr. Mervin always called the General Mr. Washington, though in his heart he could not but admire the man who not only freed his country but left it free. Of whose patriotism had equally sustained the cause of liberty and of humanity, and who stands before the world as free, not only from the stain, but the very imputation of crime, that even those who abhor the cause he espoused, reverence the hero through whose virtues it triumphed.

At the commencement of the Revolution, the father of Mr. Mervin, Charles Mervin, Esquire, whose name should have led to New York, which he had never visited, sauntered into a fashionable London shop-keeper's glove or perfumes, when at the counter of the modiste, whom should he see but his lost Marie. Words cannot paint our mutual meetings—all who can feel or fancy anything, can best imagine them, each for himself. For them it was enough, they met! Marie—sad tale we briefly told—all he had heard was true; and, after all, the old good father, broken once more in the tenderest feelings of nature, forgave, and, soon found a refuge from his sorrows in that most sure asylum—for those who sorrow not as others do—a good Providence. Of course, he eventually furnished a large property and possessions of the family, and leaving not to ten in the land of her nativity, she returned a happy mother, to become a happy wife, in the gay country of her father's. The belle of Notre Dame ring for the Pennsylvanian maiden's bridal; a Roman Catholic bishop officiated at the altar: the pure-hearted and noble Lafayette performed the part of the bride's father: peers and peeresses witnessed the espousals; and for full many a day the most renowned and famous beauty of the Tuileries and Louvre was she, who had been known as the humble Marie Duponceau.

But strange are the mutations of this world—the French Revolution followed, and at first, like his gallant comrade, L'Espinasse was swept away with the tide, enthusiastic in his love of liberty and glory—but soon began to degenerated into license—license plunged into anarchy—and out of anarchy grew horrors such as the earth has never witnessed. Then shocked, disgusted, sick at heart, L'Espinasse flew from those blood-stained shores, happy in safety, happiest in her self with him, whom he loved more than life. But France, though mad with crime, was still his country; and though he could not fight beneath her banners, he never fought against them. But L'Espinasse had another country—she had bled and died for her country, and she had left her a home. More fortunate than most of his fellow exiles, he had, on the first days of evil, transmitted his property to the United States, those most portable of riches—diamonds; so that the wretched and soul-debasing cause of his flight left not his fortune less than it was. Happy they lived, respected, loved, and honored in their adopted country—a fair race grew around them, and they looked forward, in old age came upon them gentle, and calm, and painless, they were wont in the pleasant days of autumn to visit the old plantation, and point out to their children, and their children's children, the spot where first they met, and the towering mountains of the Water Gap.

The course of Love ran very smooth on this occasion. Georgiana was her own mistress, Brooke was the best of men, and Mervin, in consequence of his own imprudence, was left to his own devices. Brooke was educated at a neighboring academy, where he had cultivated that species of literature which appeals rather to the heart and the imagination than to the understanding, and was gifted by nature with a strong tendency to mental abstractions and depressions, occasionally lightened up by the enchanting sunshine of a species of ideal enjoyment which, though he could not always command, generally came at his call. Altogether, he should be classed as a dangerous character; dangerous to others and doubly so to himself; for though his impulses were generally virtuous in their origin, they were liable to run into extremes that were uncertain, in the end, to destroy his own happiness and endanger that of others.

The two families were acquainted with each other, and had met about, although Gilbert and Brooke had formed a sort of an acquaintance accidentally, and the latter had sometimes met at Mr. Mervin's on some visiting occasion or other. Here he had seen Georgiana, only he had once spoken to her, and was answered in a voice so sweet in his ear that he went home and thought of it in secret on the musical of the spheres. Our readers may make a jest of this, but it was no jest to poor Brooke. His heart was tender, but hitherto there had been no flint and steel to strike fire. In all the neighboring country round there was not a shepherdess or woodland nymph of sufficient refinement of manners, or cultivation of mind, to awaken the dormant sensations of that sensibility which awaited only the falling of a spark to light up a flame, and become unextinguishable.

In a subject like this, but a subject for his contemplation; a deity at whose shrine he could offer up his secret devotions in the solitude of his rambles, and in that ideal world which he had created by the power of a perfectly almost without consciousness. The first time he met Georgiana was by moonlight came, when the count seemed to be sleeping once soundly than usual. He arose without the least noise, and then crept over the unconscious victim for one moment, then, with the same stealthy pace, placed his hand on the mouth while he pleased his knee strongly in the pit of his stomach. The alarmed waking and weakened energies of life yielded to this double assault, and Brooke was master of the situation without a struggle or a groan.

Having satisfied himself that life was forever extinguished, Kinin suddenly uttered a great outcry which aroused the people in the house, which the count lodged, and then set out to call the physicians, an old Turk with a long beard and his master's friend, the young American. "What!" said the physicians, rubbing his eyes, "is the infidel, Hy-pasha, dead? Mashallah! I thought he was resolved to live forever, and never intending stronger, and every thing seemed going on very well for the count, when he met his destiny. Are you sure he is dead?" Kinin gave the assurance. "Well, then, I can do no more," said the doctor returned quietly to his couch. The American came in all haste, and seemed surprised at the suddenness of the event, concerning which he questioned Kinin rather closely. But he had prepared his story, and his account was so natural as to appear perfectly satisfactory when examined the young man at intervals a considerable time after. It took an opportunity to search about the body, but life had been so easily extinguished that no mark of violence appeared.

The next day the count was buried in the place with which it exactly coincided, our friend Kinin was left in full possession of the estate

United States SATURDAY POST.

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SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 23, 1843.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturdday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE POETS,

That the publishers of the Saturday Evening Post offer the

FOLLOWING PRIZES,

For Poems to be handed in to the publishers by February 1st, 1844.

For the best POEM of two hundred lines or more, ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

For the best Poem of one hundred lines or less, the sum of Fifty Dollars.

For the second best shorter Poem, Twenty-Five Dollars.

The Poems to be submitted to the Committee must be delivered at 98 Chesnut street before the first day of February, 1844.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

In another place we have said the things usual to the approaching holidays. One (Thanksgiving) has already passed, and was observed with a respect and enthusiasm which did honor to the discrimination of those who urged its recommendation upon the governor.

In this day's paper will be found the conclusion of the Revolutionary Story—MARIE DUPONCEAU. The closing part is well worked up and probable, so well like life, indeed, that we suspect the author has been embodying in a tale the actual history of some family who formerly lived near the Water Gap. Unmixed happiness in the denouement would please the reader better at first, but would not keep that hold of the memory which the *vraisemblance* of this story will enable it to maintain.

In our next we shall treat the reader to the second story of the prize series—MANNER AND MERIT, by F. E. F. It is one of the best ever written by that popular writer, and from the difference of its characters and topics, will stand in agreeable contrast to Herbert's excellent story, just concluded. And after this, our friends have not forgotten, there are still three more Prize Tales to come.

In Congressional business there has been no other progress made than organization. Announcements of the death of several members of Congress have required, in conformity with custom, adjournments in token of respect for the deceased; but it does seem to us that when members die during the recess, the announcement, at the close of the business, and immediately before the usual hour of separating, would be a sufficient formal notice. When a member dies while the National Legislature is in session, it is fitting that those from among whom he is taken, should suspend the public business; but when the gentlemen come together, informed of the death of a member before they meet, to give such time to the formal announcement, appears entirely unnecessary.

Upon our last page this day, under the biographical head, will be found Senator Benton's notice of his colleague, Dr. Linn. It is well worth perusal, both for the character of the subject of the eulogy, and for the warmth in which the Senator speaks his praise—so characteristic of Western whole-heartedness and enthusiasm.

CHRISTMAS.

ORIGINAL.

When wrapped in darkness deep and drear,
  A world in ruin lay—
O'er Bethlehem's plain Hope's radiant star,
  Shed its reviving ray;
And shone the signal light of bliss,
  To wretched mortals given—
To guide them through life's wilderness,
  To peace, and joy, and Heaven.

Onward Time's ceaseless tide has roll'd—
  Long years their course have run—
Since that bless'd morn, whose dawning told
  The work of mercy done:
And still, by Christian hearts, the day
  With thankful joy is met—
For, to faith's eye, that glorious ray
  Shines in full lustre yet.

It is the season of the Holidays. On all hands we meet glad and cheerful faces, and the truly pleasant thought will suggest itself that all minds are engaged upon subjects having reference to a common theme—that all hearts are ready to meet each other in the interchange of kind wishes, and that all hands are ready to unite in the mutual performance of kind offices. Thank God for so much of this Christian charity as there is in the world! And there is more than the ascetic might imagine.

But while this period is devoted to living friends, it has its honors consecrated to the dead. Some of us have within the year, seen the eyes of the dearly beloved closed in death. Others who at the last holiday season looked forward to some such time as this, when the dear and distant friend, brother, sister, parent or child, would unite to make holiday, have heard the chilling intelligence that the absent have taken their last journey—that on this side of the grave they will meet friend and brother no more.

The world-hardened scout the better thoughts as superstition. They are welcome to their barren victory over their own better impulses. They are welcome, so *they* find pleasure in it, to deny all that will not admit of demonstration—to dispute all that they cannot taste, or see or touch—to ridicule all that is not tangible and palpable. We would not give one half hour at twilight for all their too coldly plain common sense. To forget the present in the past—to retrace day by day, and hour by hour our early associations—to converse in imagination with those whose voice shall never more wake an echo—what is this but to live life over again? Give us still this habit of thought, and kings may keep their sceptres unenvied—for never a one among them all is as absolute in his realm as the humblest man of thought in his ideal kingdom. Kings cannot choose their subjects. Subjects can command their thoughts.

They say of one who has regained his serenity after a bereavement that he begins to forget the dead. It is a mistake. He has sacrificed to the manes of the departed, upon the altar of friendship. He has thought over his omissions to the Living—he has atoned for them to the Dead—he feels, as an imaginative Heathen might have felt, that the Shade is propitiated; and now his recollections of the deceased are a dear and pleasing melancholy. The shadow of the departed seems to sit down with the survivor and they hold sweet converse together.

Mothers, who thus at the Holidays fill the vacant chairs at your annual family board—would you lose this faculty of memory and of mind? Never—it were a second bereavement. And yet it is a selfish pleasure. Those who are yet in grief uninitiated cannot understand that after the bitterness of sorrow comes such a refined banquet of the intellectual attributes of the affections.

Happy you who have never yet been called to learn these things! Buoyant in youth—elastic in hope—abundant in joy—long may it be before at the table of your minds the living and the dead sit down together! And you the elder, who have proved affliction long ago, so long that friends deceased are now to the memory welcome, may many holiday seasons pass before the wound is reopened.

A happy Christmas—a happy New-Year to all our readers! We feel on reviewing this article that the strain has been too selfish, and too sombre. Bear with the writer, if at this season he has jarred an unpleasant chord; for his thoughts of living kindred revolve to-day in a narrower circle than they did this day year. Very many of his readers can sympathise with him; but until the "Last Man" shall survey earth, himself the lone survivor, never can the time come when there are none left to whom (however sorrowful himself,) man may wish joy.

A happy season then, we repeat to our readers! May they find joy in their re-unions—pleasure in the memory of the past—happiness in the fruition of the future, and may they obtain in the time coming, if they have it not already, that sure key to the best happiness—a *contented mind*. For the rest of our greeting, as we have made use of a friends poetical contribution at the commencement, we close with the offering of another friend, embodying—

THE CHRISTMAS WISH.

ORIGINAL.

When to the raptured mortal ear
  Night's silence was by angels broken,
The shepherd host were blessed to hear
  A "Christmas Wish" by angels spoken—
The choir that heralded a Saviour's birth
Chanted "Good Will to Men," and "Peace on Earth!"

Can we a better wish devise
  Than angels spoke by God's dictation?
Be yours the Peace that maketh wise,
  With Wisdom leading to Salvation—
The Covenant Peace a Saviour's blood has sealed,
And that Good Will His word and works revealed.

In His strength be the good fight fought,
  By His Commandments e'er be guided—
Let God be in your every thought—
  Revile not back, though sore derided—
Thus not alone shall Peace on Earth be given,
But, this life passed, you shall find Peace in Heaven.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH MANUFACTURES.

Three English mechanics arrived in the last steamer from Liverpool, for the purpose of examining the latest improvements in our machinery in the manufacture of cotton. An agent of one of the Lowell companies is in Europe for a similar purpose. This open handed work is a great deal better than sending spies, as has hitherto been the custom. English manufacturing processes, which were not carried into that country by emigrants, were obtained originally by sending men abroad to obtain access to foreign manufactories, as ignorant laborers. Improvements on the continent and in this country have regularly been obtained in the same manner; and in the same way improved processes have been introduced into America. Of course, much has originated in England—but much more improvement in the way of machinery has originated in this country than any other.

The reason for the fact that improvements in machinery are more frequent in America than in the Old World is obvious. Improvements are mainly desirable as diminishing the demand for human labor, and consequently lessening the expense of manufacture. In this country, when an improvement takes place, the evil of throwing men out of employment is, compared with the same thing in Europe, light. It is also temporary, as there are abundant openings in other directions for the dispossessed laborers. But in the crowded nations of the Old World the case is different. A kind hearted employer hesitates before he adopts the use of a machine which may take their scanty subsistence from his operatives, and where no consideration of this better kind operates, there is the check of fear to deter improvement. The out-breaks of popular fury, incendiarism, strikes, and the conspiracies, &c., which we hear of abroad, are mainly traceable to diminished prices paid for labor, on account of the competition of machinery. It is from these causes that we hear of works fired and blown up, and occasionally of men murdered or maltreated.

There are cases on record where English manufacturers, who have dared to avail themselves of improved machinery, have been struck by terrible missiles thrown from among a crowd, clay mixed with vitriol, destroying sight; and other terrible contrivances. The workmen know that the man machine cannot compete with the steam machine, and they naturally, when their alternative seems starvation or resistance, break out into lawless acts; misguided and even criminal movements produced by natural and not necessarily criminal motives.

In our own country and city we may observe something of the kind. Carpet weaving is performed in New England with the advantage of complicated machinery, and of course, at a much less cost than it can be done by the old process. Consequently weavers who do their work at their own houses, do it under the disadvantages of competition with these improvements; and as we have before said, that human labor cannot be furnished at the small expense of machinery, a key is given to the frequent disagreements between carpet weavers and their employers.

But, to return to our first position. The evils resulting from the introduction of machinery are in this country partial and temporary, while the benefits are permanent and wide. While the condition of those who labor for subsistence is so immeasurably superior in our happy country to that of the same classes in any other; and while our mechanics are men of practical education and liberal and enlarged views, capable of discerning and appreciating

"In partial evil universal good,"

the United States will maintain the lead in the perfection of the useful arts.

Happily for us, every machine which excuses a man from toil for present necessaries, but open new fields of labor to him, and confers higher advantages. Every man in our republic shares the benefit derived from a labor saving contrivance. Every penny that the cost of an article is diminished, increases its use by increasing the ability to purchase. Machinery starves no individuals, while it helps the whole country; and under such propitious circumstances America is destined at no distant day to be MISTRESS OF ARTS, and that too, without reducing any portion of her population to miserable dependence and squalid wretchedness. Ours is a glorious destiny—may Americans prove themselves worthy of it!

GREAT ROBBERY.

Pomeroy's New York and Buffalo express has been robbed of a trunk, containing an immense sum of money. They offer $3000 reward for the recovery. The New York Commercial gives the following particulars:

This much is positively known; that Mr. Copp, the agent, in whose charge was the missing trunk, says that he left the trunk on board the steamboat, at about three o'clock in the morning; came to the office and took some rest, and then departed by the morning boat to Albany via Bridgeport, without having heard or seen anything more of the trunk.

Beyond this nearly all that has been, or can this day be published, is founded on rumor. It is said that Mr. Copp, upon his arrival here, was taken into custody by the police, and that he is now remaining at one of the hotels, in charge of the officers. The Tribune says:—

The amount of money contained in the trunk was very large. About $40,000 in bills from the Albany banks, $26,000 of which were consigned to Drew, Robinson & Co., of Wall street. There were also about $60,000 in bills of the Union Bank of this city, which had been sent to Albany to be countersigned at the Comptroller's office, and about $100,000 in drafts and checks.

The sum alluded to above as lost by the Union Bank, was in printed sheets of their notes, of the denominations of 1, 2, 5, 10, and 20 dollars, countersigned *on the face* at the Comptroller's office, but not signed by all the officers of the bank. No notes of the denominations designated, so countersigned, have been issued by the bank, nor will they be except from new plates, unless these notes are recovered.

The New York police has the subject under investigation, but nothing is permitted to transpire.

PENNSYLVANIA WORKS.

J. B. Moorhead, Esq., Superintendent of the Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad, says:—"It will be a matter of great gratification to the Tax-burdened citizens of our Commonwealth to learn that our public works are capable of producing a revenue, equal to the cost of repairs and management, *and the interest on the cost of construction*." He adds that he confidently believes so far as the Columbia and Philadelphia Railroad is concerned, that, with proper management, no tax will be necessary to pay any portion of the interest on its cost, much less to pay the expenses of management.

So far as the Columbia Railroad is considered, Mr. Moorhead's figures verify his opinion. The excess of receipts over all expenses for the year ending Nov. 30th, 1843, is $204,317. If a story like this comes from the other divisions of the lines of public improvements, the Key Stone State will indeed be looking up. And we think there is no reasonable ground to doubt that the works, taken together, under proper management, are able to pay their way, and yield a handsome revenue.

GEORGIA VS. REPUDIATION.

In the Georgia Legislature, on the 5th inst., Mr. King, (from the Committee on the State of the Republic,) to whom certain resolutions from the State of New Jersey were referred, on the subject of repudiation, submitted the following resolution, accompanied with one directing the transmission of the resolutions to the Governor of each State in the Union:

Resolved, That we regard the slightest breach of blighted faith, public or private, as a want of that moral principle upon which all obligation depends. That when any State of this Union shall refuse to recognise her great seal as the sufficient evidence of her obligation, she will have forfeited her station in the sisterhood of States, and will no longer be worthy of their confidence or respect.

A GOOD APPOINTMENT.

We learn that Alexander Dallas Bache, L.L.D., of this city, has been appointed by the President to fill the vacancy occasioned by the decease of Mr. Hassler, late Superintendent of the Coast Survey. The salary of this office is $5,000. Mr. Bache is in every way competent to perform the duties. He was highly recommended by the most eminent scientific men in the country, to the appointing power; as they anticipate much advantage to the cause of science in his appointment. His acceptance vacates a Professorship in the University of Pennsylvania.

IN TOO GREAT A HURRY.

A Washington correspondent of the N. York Express says that he has been assured, that President Tyler has misunderstood the note of the Mexican Minister to the Executive department, and that no such threat as a declaration of war by Mexico against the United States was uttered or contemplated, except in case of a contingency, which has not happened, and which is not likely to occur except by an interference in Mexican affairs which would make the United States the first aggressors.

THE HIGH SCHOOL.

The examination of the Philadelphia High School has been attended this week by an unusually large number of visitors. At this season of the year, housekeepers are usually too much occupied to attend the examination; but this year they have come out in a force which is the best encouragement the pupils could receive. The exercises were listened to with great interest by the audience, and did the scholars high credit.

APPROPRIATE.

The Academy of Fine Arts will open during the holiday season an exhibition of paintings exclusively upon religious subjects. It is a very good idea.

POSTSCRIPT.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE HIBERNIA.

SIXTEEN DAYS LATER.

The steamship Hibernia, Capt. Judkins, arrived at Boston on Wednesday, bringing sixteen days later intelligence. The news is not of striking interest.

The "State trials" in Ireland have been adjourned to the 15th of January; and it is confidently said that Government intends to abandon the prosecution, on account of the protracted time over which the trials would extend, and the uncertainty, after all, of obtaining a conviction.

In the meantime measures are taking to inquire into, and relieve, as far as possible, all practical grievances. A commission was about to commence its sittings in Dublin, to examine the landlord and tenant question. It is said that Sir Robert Peel intends to apply to Parliament for summary process to put down the agitation.

The refusal of the Irish priesthood to accept any stipend from the State, has caused a strong expression in their favor by the people, and by the Repeal Associations.

The "O'Connell Compensation," taken up in the churches on the 19th November was immense; far above the usual average.

O'Connell has written another letter to the people of Ireland, in which he conjures them to have nothing to do with Ribbandism, to make no bonfires, and to do nothing tending to excite their opponents, or create any disturbance.

The difficulty which occurred in Mexico between Santa Ana and the English Minister has been satisfactorily adjusted in London.

Numerous fires, attributed to incendiaries had taken place in the canal districts of England.

Wales continued still in a disturbed state, but the Rebeccaites are rather less active. Some incendiary fires have occurred.

The Queen is making a round of visits. She had been the guest of Sir Robert Peel, and of the Dukes of Devonshire and of Rutland. It was said that she contemplated also a visit to the King of Prussia; and that from thence she would go to Paris.

Trade has been dull, but business had revived a little just on the departure of the steamer. The stock of cotton in Liverpool at the present time is heavy; 450,000 bales American against 230,000 in the corresponding period of last year, which leaves an excess of the present over the former year of less than 220,000 bales. If the rumor which prevails, that government intends to allow a drawback on the staple, be correct, such a measure will open a wide field for export.

Rev. Sidney Smith, has written another very sarcastic and amusing letter to the London papers, in answer to one of Duff Green's. It is witty as it is severe. At the close of it the writer says: "And now, having eased my soul of its indignation, and sold my stock at forty per cent discount, I retire sulkily from the subject, with a fixed intention of lending no more money to free and enlightened republics, but of employing my money henceforth in buying up Abyssinian Bonds, and purchasing into the Turkish Fours, or the Tunis Three-and-a-half per cents."

There is an arrival of news from the East, but none of particular importance.

There is little news from the continent of Europe. The trouble in Italy does not yet seem quieted.

The following remarks we find relative to American Provisions.

PROVISIONS—AMERICAN—*Liverpool, Dec.* 5. The arrivals include a considerable quantity of New Beef, the quality of which, as far as landed, proves generally fine, and shows a decided improvement on previous supplies; the trade, however, purchase sparingly, waiting to see the effect of the arrivals of what is now on the passage. In the mean time, holders are firm, and dealers, for their immediate wants, purchase at the quotations. Pork is inquired for, but the demand for hams does not keep pace with the supply, owing to irregularity of quality. Really fine cheese continues saleable—ordinary qualities brought but low prices. The lard and tallow market is flat.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

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Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Removals must always state the Post Office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Humphreys, J. T. Dent and E. Y. Jennings.*

SAMUEL H. STEVENSON, assisted by *James H. Stevenson* and *John F. Johnson*, for Kentucky.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, and Henry Platt.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

W. H. and W. M. WHEELER, for Arkansas.

JAS. F. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorised to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. *Single copies* may also be had at his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

History of the Conquest of Mexico. *By Wm. H. Prescott. 3 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1843. Philadelphia: Perkins & Purves.*—This work will increase the already high reputation of Mr. Prescott as a historian. It is as far superior to the meagre annals of Robertson as they are to the prejudiced chronicle of Solis.

Much of this superiority, it is but fair to state, arises from the greater magnitude of the materials at Mr. Prescott's disposal. To say nothing of the contemporary works of Sahagun and the valuable history of Veytia, both of which lay, until lately, forgotten in the dusty libraries of Spain, his researches have brought into his possession more than eight thousand manuscript pages of authentic matter never published, relating to the early history of Mexico. That a vast mass of materials for a history like the present, had been collected by the celebrated histori-

Graham's Magazine, *for January*, 1844.—Graham, this month, carries off the laurels in the Magazine world, in a triumphant manner. We have never seen so splendid a periodical as the January number. The engravings are most glorious. *"Harry"* is worth more than the price of three volumes in itself; and the *"Hawking Party"* and the *Title Page*—this last a gem of the first water—to say nothing of the colored fashions, original music, and the original literary articles, is worth more than ten times the price asked for the book. The edition of the January number cost the proprietor about $5000,—the price of a good farm.

We copy the opinions of two of our cotemporaries.

"Graham's Magazine, for January, 1844, fully redeems the promise which the proprietor made in the last number, that it should be the most magnificent number yet issued. In its contents, embellishments, and general appearance, it stands at the head of all other magazines of the kind published in this country. The original papers are by J. K. Paulding, always popular and patriotic; N. P. Willis, rich and racy; Mrs. Sedgwick, instructive and entertaining; the Countess of Blessington, Ann S. Stephens, Joseph C. Neal, Robert Morris, F. S. Osgood, "Amelia," and others of distinction. A beautiful engraving, entitled "Harry," of a child at its sports, engraved by Sartain, from a painting by Sully, graces the first page. "The Hawking Party," the "Winter Fashions," and "Shiverton Shakes' Adventure" are meritorious engravings, but the gem of the number is the Title Page, an exquisitely delicate engraving by W. C. Tucker. The Magazine commends itself to the public by its excellence and the enterprise and taste of its proprietor, as displayed on its pages."—*Ledger.*

"Graham's Magazine for January, has been received. We think it the best number Graham has ever issued. It contains four splendid engravings, and original papers from the most talented writers of which the country can boast. This is the first number of the 25th volume, and contains among other new things, an elegant title page for 1844, and a neat and tasteful cover engraving. Graham seems determined not to be beaten."—*Maine Cultivator.*

Anthon's Virgil. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Perkins & Purves.*—The long promised Virgil, edited by Dr. Anthon, has here made its appearance, but this volume contains the Æneid only, the Eclogues and Georgics being reserved for a separate work. The notes are most copious, filling over two-thirds of the volume of 942 pages.

and places of public amusement at night. We observe that all taken by consumers have a downward tendency, though they remain tight in first hands. We quote six for a picayune, vinager, pepper and salt included, at which price we consider them a safe investment. Occasionally more are shelled out, but then the quality is rather inferior. We beg to remind shippers that a parcel of "Eggharbor Salts" lately mutinied and carried the schooner into an Eastern port.

Religious Intelligence.

☞ St. Johns Church, Baltimore, (Methodist Protestant) was dedicated on Sunday morning last, in the presence of a large and attentive concourse of persons, and several distinguished clergymen, among whom were the Rev. Dr. Samuel K. Jennings, Rev. Augustus Webster, the pastor, Rev. Levi R. Reese, President of the Maryland Annual Conference, Rev. Dr. Waters, and the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, of Philadelphia.

☞ The Nantucket Inquirer states that Rev. J. S. C. Abbot has requested a dissolution of his pastoral connection with the society of that place on account of ill health. He intends to reside in New York City. Mr. Abbot is widely known as a writer of eloquent articles for the New York Evangelist, many of which have been transferred to the Post.

☞ The great theological discussion between the Rev. Alexander Campbell, and Rev. N. L. Rice, which has been progressing at Lexington, Ky., for the last three weeks has been brought to a close. It is pronounced on all hands to have been exceedingly able and learned. The debate is to be published, and will form an octavo volume of 800 pages.

☞ By a letter in the N. E. Puritan, we learn that the Iowa Missionaries (eleven in number) from New England, arrived at Burlington, Iowa, in good health and spirits, and were ordained as Missionaries of the Territory on the 5th of November.

☞ The new Presbyterian Church, built the past summer in Aisquitt street, Baltimore, was dedicated on Sunday last—the Rev. R. J. Breckenridge and Rev. Mr. Backus officiating.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Bristol, England, November 18th, 1843.

Although I made my letter of yesterday tolerably long, yet the subjects of small-talk in my note-book were by no means exhausted. Again, therefore, the pen is resumed. There is a little sign of the times in Ireland, which certainly does not look like anticipation of

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST LADY'S MAGAZINE.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

BEING THE ARTIST AND WORLD OF FASHION COMBINED.

EDITED BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS AND CHARLES J. PETERSON.

PERMANENT CONTRIBUTORS.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, Mrs. Frances S. Osgood, Mrs. A. M. F. Annan, Mrs. Emma C. Embury, Mrs. Caroline F. Orne, Mrs. E. F. Ellet, Miss Mary Davenant, Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, Miss M. L. Lawson, Mrs. Amelia B. Welby, Mrs. Lydia Jane Pierson, and other Females of the first rank as authors.

This elegant and popular monthly periodical was established in July, 1843, by the union of the "World of Fashion" and F. Quarre's "Artist," and has already attained the reputation in our great cities of the Text Book of Fashion and Literature. In the correctness and beauty of its fashion plates; in the novelty, splendor and costliness of its other embellishments, and in the chastened tone and peculiarly refined feminine character of its literary department, it is conceded that this magazine has no superior. Fully equal to the best three dollar magazines in these respects, it is yet but little more than half their price. The astonishing success has induced the publisher to begin the new year with

GREAT AND COSTLY IMPROVEMENTS.

Accordingly he has determined to employ a corps of female contributors whose united talents are such as have *never before been employed* on any magazine for the sex. The work will not be the *reflex* of any one mind. The names of our permanent contributors are a guarantee for the variety, talent and worth of our pages for 1844. Ours will be the only Magazine

SUSTAINED BY THE SEX.

The editorial department will still remain with Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, author of the celebrated $400 prize story, "Mary Derwent," and acknowledged to be the *most powerful writer* of her sex in America. Her story of "Anna Taylor," in our volume for 1843, has had an astonishing run, and will be followed by others more thrilling. Assisted by her sister authors, she will be enabled to make this book surpass all others intended for the ladies. *Everything of interest to the sex* will find an early insertion in our pages. Among other distinguishing characteristics of this book will be a series of critical reviews, or

PORTRAITS OF OUR FEMALE POETS,

accompanied by autographs of each individual. These will be of great value, as presenting facts all would wish to know.

THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

From the Monthlies.

THE GRAHAM MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY.

THE DEPARTURE OF YOUTH.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

Depart not yet, fair spirit, go not yet—
I call thee back with many a tearful prayer—
All gentle sprites, here many a one regret
Your parting steps, and long to welcome you!
The joyous bands, the sligh of buoyant grace,
The dreamy look, the thoughtful, serious face,
The frank blood mantling o'er the guileless brow,
The bright'ning eye, the radiant cheek's rich tint,
The cry of light and love, the trusting heart,
Are all of thine, but, woe is me! they cannot stay.

Fleet hours and loveliest—Nature's chosen child—
Thou art the very type of her and Eden's dawning—
Thrilled through the plain and greeted with music, wild,
And sweet, and earthy from the first of time!
Those was the spirit of that early hour,
Sudden and glorious—with its flowers in light,
When, rich in beauty and redolent of love,
Creation's virgin bosom heaved to the sight—
When bird and bee and bath and flower and stream
Joined in the epithalm of their Maker's love!

Oh! go not yet, sweet Youth, enchanting one,
Or hearken not all to hopes and thoughts of bliss—
Yet though they fade before my eyes in vain,
They will but grow more brightly wreathe their tint
The pictures of thy power of the heart—
The glowing pictures of the soul, all bright—
The glory of the golden hair!
Who can restore a single ray of light,
Once ago have departed, to thee recall
The vain tints to the cheek at Beauty's Fall?

The world—how gay it seems to one in the full and true,
With Youth to pioneer and pluck its flowers—
The same enchanting hue, the shine how blue—
How, wrapped with joy, pursued on they hurry!
The ravishing laugh of gladness, spoke of them—

Hush! from yon dell—thy lich-like notes o'er new
Awakened in thy self that is grand and true!
And see, how around you luxuriant creature's breast
Youth and it—fancy, hope, heart-trust, have built their nest.
The angel trumpet of a guileless breast!

And o'er the sun—the April showers they fell—
But soon and silently they passed away—
Hope's rain shone through them and their tears
Came to the fairer sunny a rainbow sign—
Love's rainbow, Faith's and Friendship's sign—
Friendship, and Love and Fame all clustered there.
While veiled wolf-art Temptation stood alone,
And whispered low its soothing, treacherous power—
Whispered with sweet voice and syren spell,
Love is but fancy, Friendship but a name!

Then go not yet, fair spirit—yet awhile
Tarry! and in thy presence—in thy smile—
Of many an hour made bright by woman's smile,
Of many a holiday and love-crowned eve
What though among my locks old Time has placed
A few premature and silvery threads,
Yet summer has its evanescent time—
Yet I am young, and I would not lose the flower:
Then tear not all its morning tints away,
The soul is thine—all why neglect the clay!

Biographical.

SKETCH OF SENATOR LINN.

[The following sketch of the life and character of Senator Linn was delivered by Mr. Benton in the Senate of the United States, in performance of the duty of formally announcing his death. Dr. Linn was universally beloved by all his fellow senators, of all parties; and, indeed in the country, his character as a man, his private and social qualities endeared him.]

LEWIS FIELD LINN, the subject of this announcation, was born in the State of Kentucky, on the year 1795, in the immediate vicinity of Louisville. His grandfather was Colonel William Linn, one of the favorite officers of Gen. George Rogers Clark, and well known for his courage and enterprise in the early settlement of the great West. At the age of eleven he had fought in the ranks of men, in the defence of a station in western Pennsylvania, and was seen to deliver a deliberate and effective fire. He was one of the first to navigate the Ohio and Mississippi from Pittsburgh to New Orleans and back again—a daring achievement which himself and some others accomplished for the public service, and under every species of danger, in the year 1776. He was killed by the Indians in the early settling of the family of young children, of whom the worthy Colonel William Pope (father of Governor Pope, and himself of the numerous and respectable family of that name in the West) became the guardian. The subject of Senator Linn was among these children: and, at early age, shaking upon the cot near Louisville with the other boys he was taken prisoner by the Shawnee Indians, carried off, and detained captive for three years, when all four made their escape and returned home by travelling their guard, traversing some hundred miles of wilderness, and swimming the Ohio river. The mother of Senator Linn was a Pennsylvanian by birth, her maiden name Hunter, born at Carlisle, and also had heroic blood in her veins. Traditions, if not history, preserves the recollection of her courage and conduct at Fort Jefferson, at the Iron Banks, in 1781, when the Indians attacked and were repulsed from that post. Women—and young women—must in those days.

The father of Senator Linn died young, leaving him to his own resources at age. The cares of an elder brother supplied, as far as such a loss could be supplied, the loss of a father, and under his auspices the education of the orphan was conducted. He was intended for the medical profession, and received the education, scholastic and professional, in the State of his nativity. In 1804, or early in 1805, qualified for the practice of medicine, and commenced it in the then Territory, now State, of Missouri, and was immediately among the foremost of his profession. Intuitive sagacity supplied in him the place of long experience, and boundless benevolence consolidated universal esteem. To all his patients he was the same—flying with alacrity to every case, attending upon the poor gratuitously as zealously as on the rich and powerful; on the stranger as ready to go to the poor hut, discharging in all the duties of nurse and friend as well as of physician, and wholly regardless of his own interest, or even of his own health, in his zeal to save and to serve others.

The highest professional honors and rewards were before him. Though commencing on a small theatre, there was not a capital in Europe or America in which he would not have attained the first rank in physic or surgery. His talents, acquirements and success in his art abilities, capacity and aptitude for science in a different walk. He was called to the first political field by an election to the Senate of his adopted State. Thence he was called to the performance of judicial duties by a federal appointment in investigating land titles. Thence he was called to the high station of Senator in the Congress of the United States—first by an Executive appointment, then by three successive absolute unanimous elections. The last of these elections for the term of the one year and had not commenced his duties under it—but not been sworn in under the oath which attested it—when a sudden and premature death put an end to his earthly career. He entered that body in the year 1833—death cancelled his earthly one with it in 1843. For ten years he was a beloved and distinguished member of this body; and surely a subject on a more character never adorned the chamber of the American Senate.

He was my friend: but I speak not the language of friendship when I speak his praise. A debt of justice is all that I can pay—a debt discharge—an imperfect copy of the true one in all that I can render to it.

A sagacious head and a feeling heart were the great characteristics of Dr. Linn. He had a judgment which penetrated both man and things, and gave to man and class views of their character and conduct. He had a feeling—the remote bearing of great measures, either for good or for evil, and brought immediately to their support, or opposition, the logic of a present and future, and thirty years and his political and professional life, and more effective in its application, than any of even the best. His great fertility of mind, and was himself the author and mover of many great measures—some for the benefit of the whole Union—some for the benefit of the great West—some for the benefit of his own State—many for the benefit of private individuals. The pages of our legislative history will bear the evidences of these meritorious labors to a remote and grateful posterity.

Brilliant as were the qualities of his head, the virtues of his heart still surpassed them. It is to the heart we look for the character of the man; and where a heart had Lewis Linn! The kindest, the gentlest, the most feeling, and the most generous, that ever beat in the bosom of bearded man! And yet, when occasion required it, the bravest and the most daring as well. He never looked a human creature without melting before it; he never encountered an appearance of danger without facing it fearless. Where is the friend, or even the stranger, in danger or distress, to whose succor he did not fly, and whose sorrowful or perilous lot he did not make his own? Where—where—was he ever called upon to exercise an office, or sacrifice, and rendered the unrequired? Echo answers—where?

The Senatorial career of the late man fell upon trying times—high party times—when the excitement of party lent double intensity to the deed feelings of generous natures. But who ever knew bitterness, or party animosities, in him? He was, indeed, a party man—as true to his party as to his friend and his country; but, beyond the line of duty and of principle, beyond the debate and the vote—he knew no party, and saw no opponent. Who among us all, even after the fiercest debate, ever met him without meeting the benignant smile and the kind salutation? Who of us all ever needed a friend without finding one in him? Who of us all was ever stretched upon the bed of sickness without finding him at its side? Who of us all ever knew of a personal difficulty of which he was not, as far as possible, the kind composer?

Such was Senator Linn; in high party times, here and there. And what he was there, he was every where, and with every body. At home among his friends and neighbors; on the high road among casual acquaintances; on foreign lands among strangers; in all and in every of these situations, he was the same thing: he had kindness and sympathy for every human being; and the whole voyage of his life was one continued and benign communication of all the virtues which adorn and exalt the character of man. Piety, charity, benevolence, generosity, courage, patriotism, fidelity, affection and tenderness, in all and might enter from the beholder the impressive interrogatory. For what place near one that we would? What in the Senate or the camp? For public or for private life? For field, where they saw his side by side. The Indians and squaws became reconciled, and all seemed satisfied that no other agent could have been satisfactory.

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Choice Selections.

OF THE BONES.

I challenge any man to produce, in the joints and joints of the human body, a mechanism so flexible machine that was ever contrived a construction more artificial or more evidently artificial than that which is seen in the vertebræ of the human back. Two things are to be done. The head was to have the power of bending forward and backward, as in the action of a drop, stooping, looking upward or downward; and, at the same time of turning itself round and round. The body to certain degrees, pendant the weight, for rather, perhaps, a hundred and twenty degrees of a circle. For these purposes, two distinct contrivances are employed: the head is articulated upon the neck by a ball and socket joint, so admitting of the motion of the head backward and forward, as far either way as is necessary, so as to bring the countenance, which was the first thing required. But then the requisite motion is required in a different form, secondly, to make the head capable of this, a further mechanism is introduced: not between the head and the uppermost bone of the neck, where the hinge is, but between that bone and the one next adjoining to it. The mechanism resembling a toon and mortice. This second joint, or upper bone of the neck, what anatomists call a *process*, viz.: a projection, something standing out from the bone, a tooth; which tooth, entering a corresponding hole or socket in the bone above it, forms a pivot or axle, upon which that upper bone, together with the head which it supports, turns freely round in a circle: so far in the circle as the attached muscles permit the head to turn. Thus we have, with a block and mortice, contrived to furnish these sons of the forest with the power of looking behind them, and the cause of their misery. The Roman who condemned his son to death, was not a stricter disposer of justice than the brave chief whose story is told below:

The following Indian tragedy is related to me by James Hall, Esq., of this place. He occurred in this vicinity, all the parties being his neighbors.

In the spring of 1837, Nodgeuga, an Indian of the Seneca tribe, residing on this vicinity, having pawned his gun and a part of his clothing, from time to time, to a man named Jones, for intoxicating drink, the latter then proposed to the Indian that if he would sell him a certain valuable colored belonging to his squaw, and a present from her father, Bearbush, a chief of their tribe, he would give up his gun and clothing, and let him have more strong liquor besides. Nodgeuga was sober when the proposition was made to him. The Nodgeuga agreed, and received the articles, and went off farther West.

It appeared that his squaw, having some suspicion of what was going on, employed her younger brother to watch the result and inform her of the bargain he did. In the course of the Indian to his camp partly intoxicated, and his squaw, highly incensed, met him at a long fair away. She became more and more enraged at his indifference and the affair, and at length declared she would kill him. He laughed at her threat, when she drew a knife and aside his hunting shirt and making his bosom bare, coolly exclaimed—*Kose pas*—(kill away!) She instantly plunged it to the handle in her husband's breast, which caused his death in a few minutes.

Her father, the Indian Chief, being then absent, was informed of his daughter's act, and he was despatched to inform him. Soon after, Mr. Hall, the sheriff of the county, came by his house with a sad countenance, for the place of the trial.

A heart-rending duty now devolved upon the old chief. His word was to accept or condemn his unhappy daughter, according to the law's usage, from time immemorial.

The old chief and the husband squaw of her tribe, and a darling child: and the wails of her children, and the mother, after up his gun and clothing, and let him have more strong liquor besides. Nodgeuga was sober when the proposition was made to him. The Nodgeuga agreed, and received the articles, and went off farther West.

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The Aborigines.

AN INDIAN TRAGEDY.

[The following story, communicated to the Rochester Daily Advertiser, in a letter from Buffalo, is one of the most touching and characteristic in those lighter phases which romancers delight to draw. The fidelity, the devotion, the personal to the Indian that if he would sell him a certain valuable colored belonging to his squaw, and a present from her father, Bearbush, a chief of their tribe, he would give up his gun and clothing, and let him have more strong liquor besides. Nodgeuga was sober when the proposition was made to him. The Nodgeuga agreed, and received the articles, and went off farther West.

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